

(WONKA enters with the candy cart. A harsh wind blows.) CHARLE & WONKA / CANDY MAN

WONKA

During the next two weeks, the weather turned as cold as Willy Wonka's subzero, choco-ice-cream-supreme. First came the snow—huge flakes drifting slowly down from a steel blue sky.

*(It begins to snow on stage.)*

Then came the wind—

*(We hear the sound of a harsh wind.)*

Inside the house, jets of freezing air came rushing in through the sides of the windows, and under the doors, and there was no place to go to escape them.

The four old folks lay silent and huddled in their bed, trying to keep the cold out of their bones.

For the Bucket family, the excitement of the Golden Tickets was long forgotten. In fact, all the family could think about was trying to keep warm and scraping together enough food to keep their hunger at bay for yet another long, cold day as Winter tightened its grip.

Mr. Bucket searched for odd jobs, like shoveling snow. Little Charlie began the long, uphill trek towards school.

*(MR. BUCKET exits one direction with a snow shovel in hand. CHARLIE crosses in the opposite direction and meets the CANDY MAN.)*

CANDY MAN

Charlie, Charlie! Where's your coat?

CHARLIE

I haven't got a coat.

CANDY MAN

Here, take my scarf; you'll freeze to death.

CHARLIE

Thanks. You making your rounds?

CANDY MAN

Was hoping to, Charlie, but it's too cold! Just trying to get back to the shop before the candy freezes. Help me pack up, would ya?

CHARLIE

Sure!

*(HE drops a display case on the ground.)*

CANDY MAN

Oh, blast it! My fingers are so cold I can't feel 'em. Say, Charlie, would you grab that box of Nut Crunchies for me? Don't want 'em to freeze...

CHARLIE

OK.

*(CHARLIE spots a coin.)*

(CHARLIE)

Look at that! There's a coin lying right here in the snow.

*(picking it up)*

A silver dollar!

*(CHARLIE has never held this much money. HE crosses to the CANDY MAN, assuming the coin belongs to him.)*

I think you musta dropped this.

CANDY MAN

Wow! A silver dollar! No, it's not mine. Why don't you just take it home to your folks.

CHARLIE

You think I should? Maybe I should put up a notice....

CANDY MAN

That coin's probably been buried in the snow for weeks. Take it, Charlie. And take this for being such a good kid.

*(HE gives CHARLIE a Wonka bar.)*

CHARLIE

Really?

CANDY MAN

Really. You look like you're starving.

*(CHARLIE tears open the chocolate bar. Nothing in it but chocolate.)*

CHARLIE

Mm...it's so good!

*(As if HE's describing a fine wine.)*

(CHARLIE)

A perfect blend of Belgian Dark chocolate and New World light, with subtle overtones of Moroccan espresso. Wonka's a genius!

*(HE sighs, content.)*

Thanks. I'd better get to school.

*(CHARLIE crosses to exit, stops, and crosses back to the CANDY MAN.)*

Do you think I could have just one more? An' this time I'll pay for it.

CANDY MAN

Why not? I'd give ya' another one, but the boss is pretty strict about inventory. What'll it be, Charlie, my boy?

CHARLIE

Well, I think I'll share this one with my family...Grandpa Joe likes the Whipple Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight, but Grandma Josephine likes the Nut-a-riffic.

CANDY MAN

Then you should get the Whipple Scrumptious Nut-a-riffic Totally Twisted Combo bar. Just out. Here you go. I know you're going to share it and all, but you might as well take a little taste. You know, to make sure you like it, too!

*(The CANDY MAN exits. CHARLIE looks at his last-chance bar of chocolate, passing it back and forth from one hand to the other. Shimmering, mystical music under.)*